

LONGBOAT WILL MEET BRITISHER

Fleetfooted Indian and Alfred Shrubbs Are Matched for Marathon.

BOTH MEN MARVELS IN DISTANCE EVENTS

Shrubbs Has Never Been Beaten in Long Experience, While Canadian Has Wonderful Record. Race Will Take Place in Madison Square Garden.

How Shrubbs and Longboat Compare

ALFRED SHRUBBS.
Nationality—English.
Age—Thirty-six years.
Weight—130 pounds.
Height—5 feet 7 inches.
Stride—5 feet 2 inches.

TOM LONGBOAT.
Nationality—Canadian Indian.
Age—Twenty years.
Weight—143 pounds.
Height—5 feet 11 inches.
Stride—6 feet 6 inches.

Shrubbs' best performance—Five miles, 24 minutes 33.2 seconds; ten miles, 50 minutes 40 seconds. January 16, 1908, defeated five men in relay in Boston, ten miles. Time, 51 minutes 33.2 seconds. November, 1907, beat relay of Tom Meyers, Sam Williams and Frank Kanny, ten miles. Time, 52 minutes. Shrubbs has never attempted to race the Marathon distance.

Longboat's best performance—Won the Boston Marathon last year, establishing a record of 2 hours 24 minutes 24 seconds for the distance, twenty-five miles. On February 13, 1908, beat relay of three men in Boston, ten miles. Time, 50 minutes 52.3 seconds. (Track was afterward said to be short.) Defeated Dorando in regular Marathon distance in Madison Square Garden.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
NEW YORK, December 26.—Patrick Pierpont Powers, impresario of Madison Square Garden, wires from Toronto that he has signed the fleet-footed Indian, Longboat, to run a Marathon race with Alfred Shrubbs, the wonderful English distance runner, in Madison Square Garden on January 26th next. Certainly Powers has not lost anything that he gained when he kissed the Blarney stone on his visit to Ireland two years ago. This is proved by his success in inducing Tom Flanagan to let the Indian go against the world-beating Englishman so soon after his ward had become a champion and a money-getter. The Indian is a vague just now, while the Marathon craze is on, and the fact that Flanagan is willing to take a chance with him is assurance that Shrubbs will have to run every inch of the route of twenty-six miles and 285 yards.

That, of course, is one way of looking at it. There is another view. Shrubbs holds every professional distance record from 2,000 yards up to eleven miles. He has never been beaten in competition. He is now coach for Harvard and is showing the aspiring young university men down in Cambridge how to eat up the ground before breakfast. He is thirty-six years old, and has been a runner for more than a decade. He is five feet seven inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. Notwithstanding his comparatively short stature, he has a stride of more than five feet. He has beaten relays of the best professional runners in this country and Canada. On January 16th last he outran a relay of five men in a ten-mile race at the Coliseum in Boston, finishing in the good time of 51 minutes 33.2 seconds, nearly five laps ahead of his last competitor.

Here is an effort.

In November of last year Shrubbs beat a relay composed of Tom Meyers, Sam Williams and Frank Kanny in a ten-mile race, his time being 52 minutes flat. He finished 600 yards ahead of Kanny, the last of his three opponents in that race. He has never attempted a race of more than fifteen miles. On two occasions his ankle gave out in races of that distance.

But, there is this about Shrubbs—he runs ten miles a day year in and out. Weather never bothers or deters him. He just runs because he likes to keep himself in shape. One of the sights of London, where Shrubbs used to keep a tobacco shop in Ackeney Wick, was the daily spin of the dusky-skinned little English dasher along the "Yde Park" corner. His ten miles never worried him a little bit.

Longboat has never as far as records show, been pushed to his limit of speed. As Martin Sheridan says, "he is a crazy Indian, and that covers everything." If he is really a great runner, modern methods he would be beaten as sure as his name is Longboat.

The Indian has done some remarkable work aside from his spectacular defeat of Dorando in Madison Square Garden. He has run horses off their feet at county fairs in Ontario and in New York. He was accustomed to this game, and had a manager to look out for his interests when he didn't know how to speak a word of English. That was why the A. A. U. got busy and protested him at the Olympic games in London last July because it really, it wasn't really, explained why an untutored Onondaga savage could afford to travel round the county fairs running against horses with a manager just for the fun of the thing.

But "let sleeping dogs lie," as John McCarthy says. The British Olympic Committee allowed him to compete—had seen to them—and Longboat was bornawogged in the Marathon at the nineteenth mile; but he rode home in an automobile to his London chambers and was happy forever after.

In a changed hands now.

Tom Flanagan got him. Now the Indian is in the hands of a man who knows how to make him

run.

(Continued on Third Page.)

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE EYE OF THE SPORTING WORLD



DORANDO PIETRI.



PERCY SMALLWOOD.
THREE NOTED RUNNERS OF MARATHON RACES.



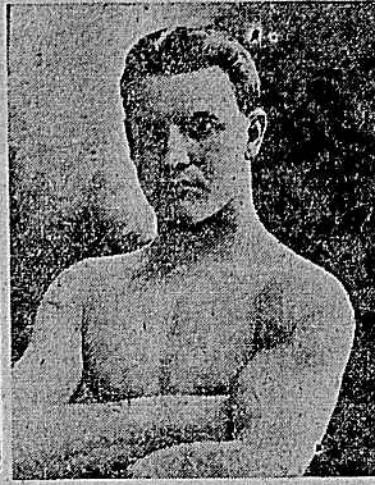
TOM LONGBOAT.



JOHN WILLE.
Chicago Heavyweight.



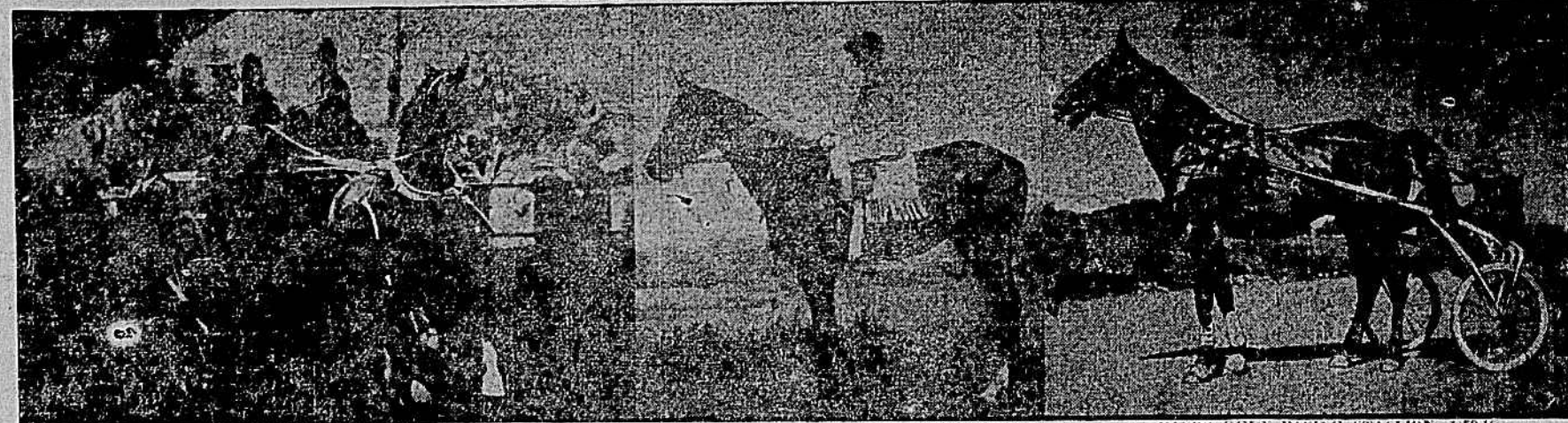
PIKE ROBSON.
An English Star.



YOUNG CORBETT.
Who Seems to Have "Gone Back."
A QUARTET OF PUGILISTIC STARS, WHO ARE IN THE LIMELIGHT.



OWEN MORAN.
English Lightweight.



W. H. MOORE'S PRIDE O' PRIDES.

JOCKEY REDFERN, WHO IS SEEKING AUTO RACING HORSES WHICH HAVE TAKEN HONORS ON THE TURF.

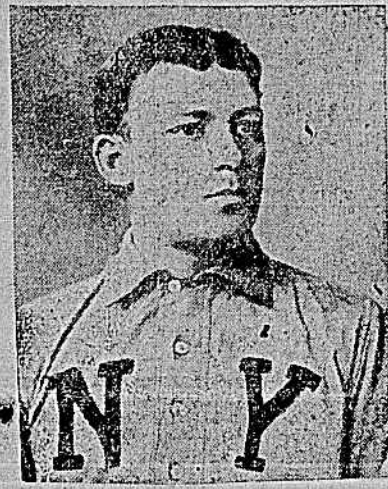
MINOR BEIR, PACING STALLION, 1550 1/2.



JIMMY COLLINS.
Released by Connie Mack.



MURREY.
Who Goes from St. Louis to Giants.
FOUR BASE BALL STARS, WHO ARE KNOWN TO ALL THE FANS.



W. H. DAHLEN.
Who Will Lead Brooklyn.



HUGGINS, CINCINNATI RED.
Who May Succeed Gansel.

A NEW MARATHON RECORD IS MADE

Mathew Maloney Shows Himself a World-Beater in Long-Distance Running.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
NEW YORK, December 26.—Mathew Maloney, of the Trinity Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, a new comer in athletics, established a new world's amateur running record for the full Marathon distance of 26 miles and 385 yards in a race from Rye-on-the-Sound to Columbus Circle, this city, to-day. Maloney ran away from a field of 115 contestants, finishing in fairly good condition. His time, 2 hours 38 minutes 26.1 seconds, is far ahead of all previous amateur records.

A. F. Crowley, of the Irish-American Athletic Club, who won the Yonkers Marathon race last Thanksgiving Day, was second, in 2:45:15.1, and J. Clarke, Xavier A. A. New York City, was third, in 2:47:22.5.

Crowley won the Yonkers race in 2:44:35 over a road which was almost ankle deep in mud, but the course to-day was for the greater part covered with frozen snow, and its slippery condition marks Maloney's work as a wonderful performance. Maloney ran in the Yonkers race, but he fainted after going twenty-five miles.

Maloney came from County Clare, Ireland, about three years ago, and has been in training about three months. He is twenty-three years old, and was on the Trinity Club's team, which won the Junior cross-country championship in Athletic Park, Long Island, six weeks ago. To-day's race was run under the sanction of the Amateur Athletic Union, and President James E. Sullivan acted as referee.

Of course the cry of fake was to be

(Continued on Second Page.)

BATTLER WANTS ONLY THE BEST

Wants Championship Aspirants to Fight It Out Among Themselves.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
NEW YORK, December 26.—Batting Nelson, in his recent visit to this city in the interest of his book, which, by the way, probably will be offered to a waiting public some time next month, has placed himself squarely on record so far as fighting is concerned.

"I am willing to meet any of them," says Bat, "as soon as they can demonstrate that they are of championship class. Let them fight it out among themselves, and they will find me ready to meet the man who shows himself the best."

When asked his opinion as to who is the most likely of the lightweights, Nelson replied promptly: "Freddie Welsh. It looks to me as though he had it on any of them, and I wouldn't be surprised if he were the man against whom I will next have to defend the championship."

It begins to look as though the police efforts to stop fighting in New York had been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. Hardly a night passes but some good fight is pulled off. It is probable that so long as New York is satisfied with short bouts between second-raters all will go well. If, however, any attempt is made to pull off a go between two topnotchers, we would have a revival of police activity.

Of course the cry of fake was to be

(Continued on Second Page.)

AUTOMOBILE SHOW STARTS THURSDAY

Mayor McGowan Will Make Address, Which Launches It on Week's Career.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
NEW YORK, December 26.—New York's annual automobile show season this winter will have its official beginning next Tuesday night, when Acting Mayor McGowan will make the address of welcome, which will start the Grand Central Palace show of the American Motor-Car Manufacturers' Association on its week-long career.

Several hundred workmen, artists, electricians, painters and carpenters began work at the palace to-day preparing the building for the influx of the motor vehicles and accessories that will begin pouring in to the show place as soon as the building is ready. The present estimate of the number of exhibitors totals 301. Of these, seventy-seven will display complete cars. There will be twelve imported machines shown and a dozen different makes of commercial vehicles.

One of the interesting features of the palace show will be the display of American and imported racing cars. The most famous one will be the Fiat racer, with which Wagner won the grand prize gold cup of the Automobile Club of America at Savannah on Thanksgiving Day. Henry's Benz, which finished second, is to be shown. Another famous machine will be the Lancia that W. M. Hillard drove to victory at Savannah in the International

(Continued on Second Page.)

TIMELY AID BY A BROTHER FOX

That Was Only Thing Prevented Killing by the Loudoun Hounds.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
LEESBURG, VA., December 26.—The Loudoun Hunt Club met their hounds to-day at Waterford, on the Horseshoe Bend of the Caloeth stream. The cast was made in the presence of a large field, the largest of the season, all mounted on well-known steeplechasers and cross-country champions. The hounds were not long in finding a scent. The trail was fresh, and the hounds, with deep tongue, gave chase.

Within 100 yards from the start a gray jumped from cover, and a real fox chase began over hills, ravines, fences and ditches. The course led over the Caloeth Range and down into the Potomac Valley, hounds and field following at breakneck speed over the open. A kill was prevented only by timely aid from a brother fox, which, crossing the course, confused the hounds and led them off.

The club and guests were entertained at the hunt by Mr. and Mrs. Westmoreland Davis, at Morven Park estate.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. B. White, of Felma; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Carter, of Belgrave; Mr. and Mrs. Scribner, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Chester, Jr., Miss Harrison, Miss White, Miss Shepherd, Thomas Swann, Thomas H. Claggett, Charles F. Harrison, William Estlin, Mr. and Mrs. Metzger and Harry W. Smith, M. P. H.

UP TO JEFFRIES TO WHIP JOHNSON

Many Willing to Try, but Champion Pronounced Only One Capable.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
NEW YORK, December 26.—Jack Johnson's decisive victory over Tommy Burns for the heavyweight championship of the world was widely discussed by local sporting men to-day. It was the general opinion that Johnson had shown Burns up as an overrated boxer, who had won fame and fortune by whipping a lot of alleged fighters in preference to meeting first-class men. Burns never had a chance with the big negro from the moment he was knocked down in the first round. He was severely handicapped by his height and weight, and was also greatly outclassed in the scientific points of the game. While Burns did not suffer an actual knockout in the fourteenth round, he was on the verge of one when the police interfered, so that it is conceded by fight critics that he would surely have been put to sleep if the battle had been allowed to go on.

Who'll Be the Next?

Naturally the question asked by sporting men all over the world just now is "who will be Johnson's next opponent?"

Johnson, in a cable message to this city after the battle, said he was open to meet any man in the world. Jeffries preferred. Jeffries has already placed himself on record as being determined not to re-enter the ring, but many fighting men, including John L. Sullivan, say that he is the only heavy-weighter who has been put to sleep.

(Continued on Second Page.)

TOM RYAN MAY BE SECOND WHITNEY

Great Financier Is Inspired by Dick Croker to Take Up Racing.

NUCLEUS OF STUD IS ALREADY STARTED

He Will Breed His Own Stock, and Carload Has Already Been Shipped to His Place in Oak Ridge, Va.—Can Afford the Sport.

LEXINGTON, KY., December 26.—In the private palace horse car of Garrett D. Wilson, of this city, there has started for Oak Ridge, in Virginia, a thoroughbred stallion and a band of a dozen brood mares that means the advent in racing of a man who will be the successor in the turf world of the late William C. Whitney. The man is Thomas F. Ryan, the traction, insurance and tobacco magnate, of New York and Virginia, who has satisfied himself in the world of commerce and finance, and now seeks the wealth of recreation to which his fortune entitles him.

The story of the ownership of the horses and of the mysterious bidding at the recent sales of thoroughbreds from Milton Towner's McGrathiana farm, some few miles from this city, was only disclosed by the shipment made. Surrounding it is an interesting tale. About a fortnight prior to the sale Mr. Ryan was a guest of Richard Croker at Glencairn, near Dublin.

Mr. Ryan has estates in Virginia and in Rockland county, N. Y., many times larger in acreage than the field, amid which the old-time Tammany chieftain lives, but there was something about Glencairn that his farm somehow did not have. He learned what it was from the enthusiasm of Mr. Croker. It was the pleasure of breeding and racing horses that he had bred.

Resolved to Take Up Racing.

Of course, it took means unlimited so to do, and an abundance of leisure, but Mr. Ryan had the means and already had determined to dissociate himself largely from business, and there at Glencairn it is said he decided to take up breeding, and pursue later racing as a recreation. Orby had won the Derby for Mr. Croker, and the latter spoke so much about his favorite horse and his blood lines that Mr. Ryan began casting about to see where he could get a horse by Orby, the sire of Orby, to place at the head of his stud.

He found the opportunity in the McGrathiana sale. Among the stallions there listed was Monsieur de L'Orme, a son of Orme, and Mr. Ryan at once called a commission to the purchase of the horse, and with him at least twelve brood mares, that should be selected not merely with reference to their individuality, but as well with a view to their being mated later with the handsome big horse in whose veins coursed the blood of five of England's great Derby winners.

This commission was executed, though, with every secrecy as to the principal. Monsieur de L'Orme was bought, and so were the twelve mares. Among these mares are Anecdote, that raced in the all-ages line at the Barbary Stable; Web of Fate, Miranda, Ethelinda II, and Mayme M. M., all of which are believed to be in foal, though none of them to Monsieur de L'Orme. Mr. Ryan being desirous that the horse, in so far as he was concerned, should begin his career on his own farm in this particular, following out the ideas of his old business partner, Mr. Whitney.

Product of a Great Strain.

Monsieur de L'Orme comes from one of the most potent male lines in the English Stud Book. He is a direct descendant of Lord Grosvenor, first won the Derby for the late Duke of Westminster. Doncaster got Bend Or, which won the Derby, and Bend Or got Ormonde, that which was favorite for the Derby, but failed to start through illness.

One himself got Flying Fox and Orby, both Derby winners, and Flying Fox is the sire of Adam, who recently sold in France for \$57,000; de Gouvernain, who was second in his Derby, and of Jardy, the latter horse thought well enough to be named after the famous stud of Edmond Blane. It will thus be seen that Mr. Ryan has purchased for the head of his stud not merely a superb individual as to conformation, but one that is regally bred.

Just what figure Mr. Ryan proposes to cut on the American turf is not known here, but it is believed that he will be a force to be reckoned with. To those laid down by Mr. Whitney, which is to race horses of his own breeding, if they shall establish their worth. This is the plan which men of established wealth and leisure pursue in England, and it is generally assumed that success crown his venture, to race in England as well as in this country. He annually spends some three or four months in the season on the other side, and a racing stable would be for him a greatly assumed, as well as a racing line into circles that men of mere wealth may not enter. This is not that Mr. Ryan is in any sense a turf-hunter, but entirely that being a wholesome man, with wealth sufficient to justify any position, he would not want to be unable to go anywhere that he wished.

Criger Wants "Sliver."

NEW YORK, December 26.—Lou Criger, the Boston catcher, recently traded to the St. Louis Browns for Catcher Spencer, and a \$5,000 cash bonus, says he will not consent to the deal unless he receives a large slice of the purchase money. Criger has been notified to communicate with Manager McAleer, of the Browns, who is popularly known as the "David Harum of the game."

If Criger can best McAleer in an exchange of arguments, he will be doing something remarkable, say baseball men who have had dealings with the Mount City leader.